Mariner's Drunk Mistake?: Chelli and the Victory of Pleasure

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Mariner's Drunk Mistake?: Chelli and the Victory of Pleasure

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Beckett Mariner isn't sure what to do with herself. An out-there archaeologist arrived on the USS Cerritos. She had a crush on this woman ever since she first saw her. Who wouldn't be drawn to this interstellar disaster? One night, after drinks at the ship bar, she is taken to her room, with the consent of this woman's girlfriend, so she can make love with her. Is she making a mistake? Or is this what she really wants? You'll have to read this fic to find out what goes down...

Notes

I started writing this fic in late June, and finished it in late November, as part of an alternative timeline of what would have happened if Chelli and Mariner had done something different with each other, as opposed to how things went down in part three of my series "Aphra's Sapphic Escapade Through the Stars" (listed as an inspiration). I used almost the same dialogue as that one but changed it up for this fic. I incorporated in what I read about drunk sex on various websites, so that there's a bit of realism here. As always, since I am relatively new to smut writing, comments, and concrit, are welcome.

I used the Kinktober prompt "French Kissing" as stated here. This is the last fic for Kinktober that I am publishing this year.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World, Adult Fanfiction (where it is entitled "Mariner, Chelli, and the Victory of Pleasure"), and Ad Astra (the tags there are severely limited due to their strange/limiting rules).

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Sailing Through the Cosmic Seas: Beckett Mariner's Crush and Aphra's Choice by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by 👭Mrs Samson👭 by Babblecat3000
- Inspired by Kinktober: Star Trek Lower Decks Femslash One-Shots by SilkenObedience
- Inspired by The Morning in Her Smile by BettyBourgeoisie
- Inspired by Can drunk sex ever be ethical? by Beth Ashley (for Mashable)
- Inspired by Beliefs about drunken sex and free will by Kodi Arfer
- Inspired by How drunk is 'too drunk' to consent? by University of Leeds
- Inspired by Drunk Sex by Couples Rehab

- Inspired by 5 Questions About Alcohol and Consent You're Too Afraid to Ask, Answered by Ellen Friedrichs (for Everyday Feminism)

So many thoughts were swirling through Mariner's head. She couldn't think straight, after some brown-haired woman had called her cute, beautiful, and said she wanted to bang her "in a second" while boasting about how she had "gone around the galaxy," implying she had sex with *various* women in the past. While her mom, Captain Freeman, had chastised this woman, she still had a crush on her. She couldn't help herself. Who wouldn't be drawn to that woman? She had gained her composure again. Something unmoored her yet again, especially after began drinking at the ship's bar.

As she began thinking over everything she'd gone through that day on the *USS Cerritos*, she started thinking of that woman. Almost like she had called her there, the woman appeared. It was none other than Chelli Lona Aphra. She was a space archaeologist, and she'd traveled through the cosmos on her own ship with her sciency robot-loving girlfriend, Entrapta. There were other crew members who seemed an odd fit for their vessel, which they dubbed the *Darla Angel*.

"Barkeep, can you get me a drink? Give me your strongest one." The man behind the counter nodded. Since she was an honored guest, she didn't have to pay for drinks. Others, like those on *Cerritos*, had to pay. People often drank at the bar, tired from long days at work and sometimes made bad decisions. People could get shit-faced drunk. It happened. Mariner's mother didn't like this situation. Even so, she understood that people drank. That was a reality. So, she tried to encourage people to only drink *responsibly.* However, this didn't always work because people didn't always listen to her.

Mariner saw this woman gulp down the drink, causing her eyes to go completely wild. She didn't have much room to complain about this woman because she was drinking too, although much more in moderation. "Hey, Mariner, you wanna know something," the woman began, speaking in an almost stupor, as she started to lose control, loosening her tongue. Drinks like this were seen by spies as one of the best ways to get people to divulge their vital secrets. It usually worked. The woman downed a few more of these powerful drinks. She definitely wasn't done for the night. She didn't want to be over. Not at all.

Putting her arm around Mariner, she said in a sweet, and seductive, way, "You know I'm an archaeologist...hic!...and I like to study things." For her, if someone is drinking, then you gotta drink with them. She paused for a second, adding, "I'd like to study *you*, intently, all, the folds, crevices, and mounds on your body...tonight." Mariner wanted to say no. She didn't want this woman to take advantage of her, nor did she want to lose self-control. She wanted to *end it*, even though she undoubtedly had a crush on this woman. That was obvious to anyone.

"That's great, Miss...but I think you've had enough. I'll take you back to your room." This woman began stumbling and tripping all over herself. Mariner held her back. They reached the room set aside for distinguished guests. As Mariner opened the door, everyone was sleeping except one person: Entrapta, the girlfriend of this *very* drunk woman. She was typing something on a computer pad and sitting upright, almost like she had been waiting for her. Perhaps she was. She cared deeply about her partner.

As Mariner was about to say something, telling this woman to take care of *her girl*, she was interrupted. The archaeologist, slurring her words, had a request of her partner. It seemed odd. "My sweetest Apta, can I give this woman some *horizontal refreshment* tonight?...I think I *really* need it...I really do." Looking up from her pad, Mariner gave her a look. She was telling her to not do this and to let her go. She didn't want the night to go that way. Apta seemed to acknowledge her concerns at first. In the next second, she surprised her, saying something she'd never expected.

"Sure, Chelli. *As long* as you come back to me." The archaeologist smiled. She snatched up Mariner and carried her away in a princess carry, embarrassing her even more. As Mariner squirmed, wanting to get out of this uncomfortable situation, Chelli thanked her girlfriend. She then added, "Apta, I will. You don't know how much you mean to *me*." As Apta waved goodbye, Mariner attempted to escape.

Unlucky for her, romantic feelings that she felt deep inside were starting to surface. She could have easily escaped. She did not. She went ahead, and without thinking about it at all, smooched Chelli on the mouth. She didn't expect that to happen. After kissing her back, the brown-haired woman laughed. "I guess you really want to get it on *after all*." Mariner didn't know what to say about herself. Did she really want to do this? She had heard that drinking before sex was bad because it inhibited your skills, made it hard for you to consent to things. On the other hand, it could make you less nervous.

She sheepishly admitted the truth, "yes, I do." She let Chelli carry her back to her bedroom. She used to sleep in bunks like the other Lower Deckers, but she had been recently promoted by her mom, Captain Freeman. As such, she now had her own room. Perhaps, this was one time it actually helped. If she had been sleeping in bunks, she'd never have been able to do something like this without being utterly humiliated. As she walked back to the room, she pulled out a flask she'd somehow kept on her person, for a situation like this. She could *really* use a drink. And she didn’t mind gulping it down. She *needed* that liquid courage.

After they both entered the room, Chelli closed the door behind her, and she laid down on the bed. "Are you sure you want to do this, Mariner? I'm pretty hammered." She then added, "I don't want to hurt you or anything." She knew better than anyone that drinking, then having sex, suppressed your ability to consent. It lowered your inhibitions. Even so, it was *possible* to consent. However, drinking made it easier for someone to take advantage of you. Many people used drinking as a sort of social lubricant, if you will, feeling more comfortable having sex under the influence because they were nervous to have to have sex while sober.

Mariner nor Chelli were like that. They were both pretty drunk, but not so much that they were *fully* incapacitated. The strong drink's effects had begun to cause Chelli to waver. In contrast, Mariner was a bit more with it, although that might not last for long. It took her a bit more time for the impact of drinking to get to her. "Let me be honest, Miss, I really want to *fuck* you." Chelli threw up her hands in surrender and teased the other woman about it. For her, it didn't matter whether she was sober or drunk. She just wanted to shag women. Surely this meant she'd make bad choices in the process. What was the problem with doing it with women who were this *divine*?

"You're *the boss*, Mariner." She proceeded to take off her clothes, leaving on her undershirt and pants, but not her belt, her jacket, or anything else. Mariner proceeded to do the same. While they were both tipsy, they were still excited to do this. Neither one hoped they'd regret what they were about to do that night. Unsure how to begin, Mariner went in, giving her a sloppy deep tongue kiss. Chelli couldn't be more pleased with this women's smooch. She quickly reciprocated. She could taste the alcohol.

As they kissed one another and began breathing heavily, Mariner said, "You can call me *Beckett.*" The other woman replied in kind. "And you can call me Chelli." With those pleasantries out of the way, Beckett began taking off the rest of her clothes, with Chelli doing the same. They both were naked and baring themselves to each other. Neither one could believe they were doing this together. They felt a bit embarrassed. "Can I start?" Chelli asked. The other woman nodded. She began kissing, starting at Beckett's chest. She sucked on each of her nipples, then bit them, causing Beckett to moan. "Muuh! That feels *so good*!" she exclaimed, trying her best to keep her voice down. She didn't want someone to hear. Chelli didn't care about that. She wanted to hear Beckett's voice, load and clear.

Some people huff and say that consenting when you were drunk is impossible. People define sex, being drunk, or ethics, in their own ways. Sex educators would wag their fingers. However, some would declare that since alcohol lowers your inhibitions. They would claim it would lead to less safe sex, and called for proper planning and communication, ahead of time. The idea behind that was to make the sex "ethical." This would necessitate setting boundaries and not trying something new when drunk. The fact was that alcohol was said to create a "false sense" of safety, so you didn't have to bear your vulnerabilities.

Neither Beckett nor Chelli cared about that. Instead, they wanted to ravish one another, not caring whether it was "legal" consent or not. People can consent if they are drunk, as long as it is given clearly and enthusiastically. In a certain way, both had said they wanted to do this although Beckett had been opposed. Since they were hammered, they wanted to try something new and different. Some said that sober orgasms were stronger and that drunk sex could delay ejaculation, while increasing aggressiveness, and creating tunnel vision. Even so, people still had control over alcohol. It did not, on its own, prevent people from paying attention to what someone else communicated.

"I've never told anyone this, but I really wanted to fuck someone after getting hammered," she declared, as she started to slur her words. She clearly was more drunk than she thought. Disclosing personal things about herself was something she usually did. This slip up would be used by Chelli. She snickered. "Yeah me too. I guess you're a virgin." Beckett's face got warm as she looked away, not wanting to stare at the other woman set to send her to depths of pleasure. She wanted to deny it, but she didn't know what to say. The alcohol loosened her tongue.

"I am and *so what*! People make such a big deal out of it and who cares! People can have fulfilling lives without fucking someone else." Chelli could only nod. She agreed in theory. At the same time, she liked teasing other women. She didn't really care if she ended up messing them up. That was her approach to life, to swerve and get out of the way. It had ruined her previous relationships. "Well, you *won't* be a virgin when I'm through with you,"

she declared, placing her face near Beckett's alter of pleasure. She moved her tongue around the edges and soon thrust it inside.

Beckett cried out loudly, so much so that she couldn't hold herself back. "Aaah! Aah!" She could still form sentences cohesively, but her breathing had become heavier. She was fully at Chelli's mercy. She didn't plan to exploit her when she was this "pliable," as some would put it. Instead, she wanted to give her an experience she'd never forget. Sucking as hard as she could, she lapped up the warm love juices which flowed out of the woman's special place. Beckett moaned as she felt pleasure coursing through her body. She'd never felt like this before.

Due to the fact she was hammered, her ejaculation was somewhat delayed, just like the experts in this kind of thing had said. Chelli kept at it, like she was an overjoyed cat which was drinking milk out of a dish. It suddenly came. Her cum sprayed across the face of the archaeologist like a geyser. Beckett said weakly, "Do anything to me...I just want you to make me feel amazing. I need it." Chelli looked her with surprise. She hadn't expected that this woman would break this easily. Perhaps it was like that with some women like her.

"That's a dangerous word, you cute Lower Decker...I suppose you want me to keep pleasuring you, right?" Beckett could do nothing more than nod. She wasn't on the verge of passing out or anything, but she was starting to lose touch with reality. She wasn't sure where this would go from here. In contrast, Chelli knew exactly what she'd do next. She readied herself.

Moving her mouth out from Beckett's special place, her eyes gleamed, clearly satisfied. She entered her fingers inside her tunnel of love, pumping them in and out. Her body began to tense with her muscles locking up, as pleasure crashed across her body, her boy trembling as an intense orgasm ripped through her body, taking her breath away. She wasn't just physically releasing, but it was a mental release. She was submitting to the control that Chelli had over her, who whispered in her ear, "you are such a *good girl*."

She loved being praised like this. Not many did it, but this was something that did wonders for her. Chelli's touch became softer, her hands sliding gently over her skin, and she placed a soft kiss on Beckett's temple. She did the same, causing the other woman to chuckle, and remark, "you aren't so bad at power play...just keep going." Beckett couldn't disagree with that. The other woman needed more, and she was happy to oblige. Tension built inside her as Beckett's hands moved lower, going over her legs, then her thighs, touching every curve of her body.

Almost at a whisper, Chelli said, clearly seeing the woman as a way to fulfill her own needs. "Please...I need *more* from you." Beckett paused for a second, almost like she was processing the request, then suddenly her hand went lower, moving across Chelli's naked body, slowly and deliberately at first, then faster. The heat sent pleasure going through her, completely lost in the sensations.

She could have approached softly, she decided to be more aggressive. She firmly thrust her fingers inside of Chelli's alter of love. The heat quickly became intense and unbearable, driving her close to the edge, and consuming her thoughts. Her fingers moved perfectly, and

she cried sharply, with tension inside her suddenly snapping, her body's nerves almost feeling like they were on fire.

She cried out, her loud voice echoing loudly, her body convulsing, and her hips bucking. An orgasm ripped through her body, with pleasure coursing through her. The unrestrained and raw pleasure caused her entire body until the force of the climax. Her love juices squirted onto the floor and onto Beckett.

"Oh, Beckett, you are *full of surprises*," Chelli said, tilting her head slightly, almost praising this woman's expert efforts to pleasure her. She let out a laugh which was breathless, her body buzzing from her release. This was so intense. She hadn't expected this. She cooed other woman, with a mix of praise and pleasure, "I knew you were such a *good girl*." Perhaps Beckett hated this woman for taking her heart and her pride, and hated herself for loving her, unable to break free from her, but she couldn't get this woman out of her mind. She'd surely run back to her.

The alcohol was getting to Beckett more than she had thought, with her breathing heavier than she had thought. Seeing Chelli's intense face close to her own and she couldn't stop herself from sloppily kissing her on the mouth. The other woman decided to respond in kind, almost thanking her for the kiss. She moved her head down to Beckett's chest. She began rubbing and squishing her left breast. The other hand was wrapped around her back, as her mouth sucked on her supple tit, causing Beckett to yelp out. She'd never felt this way before.

Both of them were exasperated from this exertion of energy, with Beckett crashing and falling into slumber. Chelli fell asleep next, with her arm around Beckett. Before they knew it, the next day had come, although it wasn't as easy to tell in space. Waking up first, Chelli attempted to leave, but Beckett firmly held her there. She yawned. "I know I was really drunk last night," she began. "I hope I didn't hurt you in any way." Chelli shook her head. She hadn't. She wanted to tell the other woman what she hoped would happen in the future.

"Let's not let this be some 'drunk mistake'. We should do this another time." Sleepily, Beckett looked at her, and remarked, "yes we should." As she laid there, Chelli escaped her grasp, who cleaned herself up in the bathroom attached to Beckett's officer suite, and got dressed. She left the room and was en route back to her girlfriend, Apta, who would certainly want to know what happened.

Some hours later, she sat in the ship's dining room talking to her friends Boimler, Tendi, T'Lyn, and Rutherford. Without any prompting, she declared, while chowing down on a croissant, "I lost my virginity last night." They all looked at her with surprise. What in the world was she talking about. She thought they already knew. Gossip goes through the *Cerritos* all the time. "I got hammered at the bar and *did it* with that wild archaeologist woman." Tendi shrugged. Was she supposed to be happy for her or something? What do you even say in this situation. "Uh, great for you?" she said tentatively.

Boimler gave her a thumbs up. Eugene didn't know what to say. T'Lyn responded in her typical scientific way. "Human...mating rituals are strange...being pleasured by someone else in such a way...with so many sensations...it makes no sense to me...it defies logic." Beckett shook her head. She expected that T'Lyn would respond like this. She was a Vulcan after all.

"It's called desire, T'Lyn...and sometimes you just need to give in." Eugene and Boimler did not know what to make of this conversation and even felt a little uncomfortable.

Unsurprisingly, Tendi said, “Mariner is right. It's about making yourself feel good...there can be a need to release...and it isn't a thing you can always control." Eugene looked at her with surprise. Had she done something like this before? Did she have some experience with this? "Uh, Tendi, have you had sex?...I thought you..." Her face became warm as she felt completely embarrassed. How could she say this so openly? She pulled him close to her and whispered, "no, I *have not* but I have...touched myself...I mean *everyone* does that, right? It reduces stress and everything."

Although she had said it in a low voice, all four of them heard her. She was even more humiliated now. She really shouldn't have said anything about it at all. Beckett chuckled. "That's a bold thing to admit, Tendi..." Moving her hands in front of her face, still reeling from revealing what she did in private, she squashed it, turning the conversation back to the original subject. "Enough of *that*. Mariner, are you *sure* this isn’t some mistake or something...that you did the right thing to do something so intimate with a woman *like that*...when you were drunk?"

She sighed. She didn't know if to answer this completely honestly or if she should lie. She decided to do the latter, rather than the former. "I mean, I don't *want* it to be mistake. I want to do it with her again...and maybe next time with her girlfriend...like we can all do it together or something." Boimler finally decided to step in. Something about this didn't seem right. He didn’t like what it was going. "Okay, you can do all that, but I'm worried about you, Mariner, I don't want you to get hurt." She shook her head. She was glad he was concerned about her. That's what friends were for.

"It's okay, Boims. I'll be fine. I don't even know if she'll see me again. I mean, she is a visitor on this ship, *anyway.* Someday, she'll leave at some point with her girlfriend and that motley crew on that spaceship of hers...I do hope I see her again." After that, the conversation changed. They chatted about what happened the previous day on the Cerritos. What happened next would be up to Beckett, Chelli, and Apta, whether good, bad, ugly, or something else entirely...

End Notes

For this fic I was inspired by chapters one, five, six, seven, and eight, but not chapters nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen of "Kinktober: Star Trek Lower Decks Femslash One-Shots" (listed in inspirations). This fic was slightly inspired by "Cures What Ails Ya," particularly the line "Mariner, I don't care that it's contraband, I just really could use a drink right now and synthehol isn't going to cut it, so tell me what you've got. Romulan whiskey? Andorian hard seltzer?" along with a little of Let Us Cling Together (specifically the line "The women took their drinks, with Mariner downing it at a faster pace thanks to the anxiety") and part of Lie, Laugh, Love ("'If we're drinking, we're drinking,' she says with a sparkle in her eye"). I wasn't sure if "Beckett" or "Mariner" should be used, but I found Chapter 1 of "The Spooky Season," Chapter 1 of "Together As One" and Chapter 1 of "Temporal Mechanics" to give a few examples, supporting using "Beckett" here, for most of the fic.

The line "Perhaps Beckett hated this woman for taking her heart and her pride, and hated herself for loving her, unable to break free from her" is inspired by the lyrics of the song, "I Hate Myself for Loving You" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts (which I listened to when writing part of this fic). Some of the dialogue and panels of a scanlation of "Land of the Tengu: Tengu on Yawa," by Komera, which I read on Dynasty-Scans, was an inspiration. On that same site, I read other stories using the "Drunk" tag, but none of them seemed to work for this fic.

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